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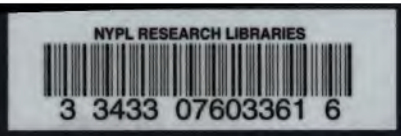
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CAMPBELL.

An American Tale.

BY C. CHARLES BEAUMONT.

"My poem is epic."

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NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK:
DAVID BAKER, 76 CHATHAM-STREET.

1838.

PREFACE.

THE following tale, commenced for the author's amusement during the unemployed hours of a wearing and perplexing profession, and written, for the most part, in the intervals of anxiety attendant on its responsibilities, presents no claim to perfection of plan or superiority of style. Whatever may be the judgment pronounced upon it, the writer already feels the satisfaction of its having repaid him for its composition, viz., in keeping the train of his ideas from that which, if it come over the soul at all, comes with the darkness that envelops the future. It has served to reawaken something of the impressions of the past, and to contrast the present with a more sunny period of his years. There is a soothing kind of satisfaction attending the exercise of the imagination in this regular mode, and in having impressed on the external senses the product of the internal. To see what we feel, and to hear what we think, establishes more closely the connexion between our physical sensations and our inward affections; and bestows on the one, in addition to its own enjoyment, the relish felt by the other.

This may be given as a reason why poetry, in general, is more pleasing than prose. The music of its versification addresses a charm to the ear, and the sentiment one to the mind. In vocal music this is particularly obvious; and where we have all the associations that influenced the production of a verse, it is equally so.

Each reader, in addition to the ideas expressed by the poet, has more or less of an association of his own connected with them; and perhaps it is something of this association which influences the facility with which he is pleased. A previous favourable impression from the same author; some knowledge of the reputation of his character and fame; or his describing scenes incident to a foreign country, surrounded by the awe and reverence of distant time and place, are circumstances that influence materially a feeling of good-nature in the mind of the reader, harmonizing admirably with the attempt of the author to conduce to his gratification.

A first production from a fellow-countryman contends against all these favourable associations; and if his work be read at all, it is read with a feeling that discredits the legitimacy of claim in a young author to instruct or please. The world is jealous of its present means of intellectual enjoyment, and is cautious who it admits to the list of those who may add their mite to its [redacted]ease.

But the author has other motives in presenting this work to the American people. It is the first attempt within his knowledge to connect the occurrences of that proud portion of the history of his country which so emphatically and fully developed its national character with the charms of heroic verse. And if this attempt but succeed in exciting a desire to have that history studied with the pleasures of its romance, he feels assured that it will develop one strong and lasting tie of patriotism. To have the early history of our country connected with our earliest impressions of pleasure and excitement of passion will do much in establishing a desire to continue unchanged those scenes, and unaltered those institutions, which have been so greatly the foundation of our keenest enjoyments. What among the ancient Greeks could have produced a stronger love of their institutions and country than the immortalizing these in the works of their best writers? And who, upon visiting the spot where any well-described event has had its scene, has not felt the whole past come over the soul, mingling and identifying itself in interest with the present. Men may have what opinions they please as to the moral good or evil of works of this kind; but love of country, as all other kinds of love, consists in the affection of the heart; and the more that is brought into exercise by the excitement of its feelings, the more will it be strengthened, and the more will it

assimilate the man to itself. This is best done in a work of fiction, for this almost alone conjoins the history with the romance of the past.

If this attempt does not injure the cause to which, in sincerity, he wishes good; if the reproach cast upon it does not deter those better qualified from entering upon it, the author will consider himself as fortunate, and have no occasion to regret its publication. But if an American people, looking more to its object than its merit, shall express a desire to have this branch of their literature more cultivated, and thus induce those who have already shown themselves first in its ranks to cultivate it, the author will feel that it has done some service, and gladly resign a pen which, only to save himself the delirium of idleness, he assumed.

CAMPBELL.

CANTO I.

CAMPBELL.

CANTO I.

I.

No sculptured stone now marks the spot
Of one who shared no common lot;
No hand now points to where was lain
The wreck of anguish, wreck of pain;
Nor friendly guide now shows you where
Last breathed, in agony of despair,
Him who in life at once did feel
Life's dead'ning wo, life's joyful weal.
Long lost has been the hasty grave,
Long since has smooth'd the roughen'd wave
That rippled o'er the sinking corse,
And all of feeling, save remorse,
Ceased, in its wild and burning thrill,
To know the life that passions kill.
Legend nor epic e'er before
Has told this mournful tale of yore;
Forgotten long has been its chief,
Nor e'en by story, short and brief,
Has been preserved the common truth,
That man has loved and died in youth.

II.

A single spot upon the earth
Is pointed out as place of birth
Of him who first, in danger's hour,
Was first to meet that danger's power;
Whose voice of hope, whose eye of fire,
Oft cheer'd the bands that else might tire;
As breathed that voice in firm command,
It thrill'd the soul and nerved the hand;
Or, as it broke in accents loud,
When rushing forth from 'neath a cloud
Of cuirassiers' advancing host,
And gave the proud defying boast,
To one, to all, whoe'er might come,
The speeded passage to their tomb;
And with the remnants of retreat
Would pile the trophies at his feet.
While glanced that eye its fearful shade,
It aim'd the blow, it steel'd the blade,
Or threw its fix'd and piercing gaze,
It seem'd to number out the days
Of those on whom it chanced to fall;
When passion rose, and, quick to call,
Each varying tide, in double force,
Was answer'd back, and to its source
The fires of thought were quickly driven,
To speak what thus was freely given.

III.

But see, along yon broken shore
Of George's waters[1] clear, a corps

Of horse bear on their rugged way,
And slowly toil, near close of day,
To find this spot, where once 'twas said
A youthful soldier had been bred.

'Twas found: its walls, all wild and lone,
In haste were built of unhewn stone,
And on their rough uneven face
There many a plant had found a place,
And left its stalk, that wither'd stood,
Fit emblems of its solitude.
The moss-grown roof was broken down,
The doors were from their hinges thrown,
The ceilings from their fast'nings tore,
And floors with earth were cover'd o'er,
While windows barr'd the storm no more.
In midst, like monument of dead,
The chimney raised its rugged head;
And though with ruin spread around,
This firm upon its base was found.
Long time had worn its beams away,
And on supports had brought decay;
And though 'twas naked to the blast,
It had endured the winds the last,
And stood memento of the past.

IV.

The corps which thus at twilight sought
The place whose ruin time had wrought,
Were remnants of a veteran band,
That first had form'd when o'er the land

Oppression's voice, in loud bewail,
Had told the sorrows of her tale;
When broke the chains which bound to earth,
And grown to manhood at its birth,
Freedom had rose, in freedom's might,
To claim what then was freedom's right.
This troop were huntsmen from the woods,
That faced the storms, nor fear'd the floods;
Whose frames were harden'd down to toil,
Whose spirits ne'er had known recoil;
Who hunger oft and thirst had bore,
And felt each want of rest wear sore;
Whose minds familiar long had grown
With deaths and dangers they had known.
From pioneers' advanced post
Was gather'd up this hardy host;
A band from distant wilderness,
Their hearts were steel'd to tenderness;
A reckless band of equal grade,
The fearless soldier's nature made.

V.

Few, few were left, for years had pass'd,
And war 'mong them its chances cast;
Their numbers thinn'd, their comrades slain,
Themselves had felt war's griefs and pain;
Had seen its fields all wet with gore,
Heard friends to groan that groan'd no more
Had closed the eyes that ne'er should ope,
Heard the wild shriek of dying hope,

Enjoy'd the last, the sad embrace,
And wiped the death-drops from the face;
Received the last and sole bequest,
And saw the rising of the breast,
As voice all faint had strove to tell
Some name, which murmur'd in farewell.

VI.

Around the walls, thus desolate,
Each warrior on his charger sate;
A tear stood glittering in each eye,
And deep was heard the heavy sigh;
A gloom was cast upon each brow,
What thoughts are troubling veterans now?
A stillness reign'd throughout the band,
None moved a limb or raised a hand,
But each look'd on in musing gaze,
Their minds seem'd lost in other days;
Was it the battles they had won,
Was it the loss of sire or son,
Was it the terrors of the tomb?
This once had been their leader's home.
That leader now, say, where was he?
He led his corps to victory;
He sought his foe, his rival too,
That deadly enemy he slew;
Then wild in word and wild of air,
He wander'd forth, oh none knew where.

VII.

These rumours pass'd, and many more
Were gather'd from the mourning corps ;
Who, now since war and strife were done,
Were seeking out their midwood home,
And pond'ring o'er, in gloomy mood,
Their days of fame and deeds of blood.
The heart long steel'd had harden'd been
By more than adamant of sin ;
On battle-field, the chase, and rout,
The wildness of the victor's shout ;
In camp the laugh, the merry joke,
All thoughts of socialness had broke ;
Nor faith, nor love, nor Christian grace.
In soldiers' minds can find a place.
For all is merged in honour's sainted name,
And all is lost in glory and in fame.
But when, at length, the gladsome voice of peace
Shall sweetly bid all martial sounds to cease ;
When chargers' tramp, with thund'ring cannons' roar
And rattling din of carbines cease to pour ;
When martial pomp, with grand and proud display
In all the glitter of its bright array,
And triumph on the soul hath brought surfeit,
Nor felt the madd'ning anger of defeat ;
But when, long dead, the social virtues rise
To ask the life that hum of war denies,
Then rushes back the thought upon the past,
And takes a full and retrospective cast

Of life's more true, more kind, endearing scenes,
Which live beyond that fleeting hour of dreams,
A tear will trickle down each toil-worn cheek,
And grief forbid the hardy voice to speak;
An unavailing sigh, a deep regret,
A heart that knows its tenderness has set,
That feels the freshness of its youth is o'er,
And deeply rankling at its inmost core,
The poison'd air of dissipation's breath
Will breed the anguish that oft longs for death;
Destroy the rest and soberness of life,
And feed the half-form'd hope of renew'd strife.[2]

VIII.

Such were their thoughts: as dimly on the sight
The home of him who, once their proud delight,
Had darkly waned away, each cavalier
Now felt the damp of darkness drawing near,
And, with a sigh, turn'd on his mournful way,
Seeking shelter where rest till morrow's day
Would fit him for his homeward march; this found,
Their fitful slumbers gave the broken sound,
And dreamers' lips hath furnish'd out the tale,
And fill'd the numbers which their dreams bewail.

IX.

From dull obscurity he rose,
No love to friends nor fear of foes;
His birth and youth unheeded were,
Without a thought, without a care

Of all or aught save her who bore
A mother's name, a mother's store
Of griefs and cares, of sighs and tears,
With watchings long, with many fears,
And anxious wish, and throbs of joy,
That health and fame might on the boy
In rich profusion fondly shower,
And bless in him the painful hour.
Alone she mused, alone she traced
The soften'd features of his face,
Alone beheld the lines that mark
The glowing fire, the nursing spark;
And in the depths of his bright eye
Alone beheld the spirits die.

X.

And as he grew to manhood's state,
Her heart alone, at times elate,
With bursting joy would swell to feel
Her only hope, her only weal,
Was fast unfolding strong desires,
Was breathing forth the burning fires
Of high ambition, soaring fame,
That soon might rival in a name
The list of heroes from whose race
Early she had learn'd to trace
His name, his titles, and his arms,
Which she held out, as they were charms,
To lure him on to might in war,
To be before him as a star

Of high renown, of high reward,
As things demanding of his sword
Some daring feat, some pow'rful blow,
That round his brow with beaming glow
The wreath of glory might bestow,
A fame which naught could equal here below.

XI.

"See the long list of mighty ones,
That go before their coming sons;
See the long record of their deeds,
When friend or country in their needs
Did call for aid or call for sword;
See vengeance breathing in each word
That fell from lips which ne'er for aught
Did speak a word or breathe a thought;
See those who, firm in changeless mood,
In deeds of slaughter oft have stood,
With but a fix'd, a settled frown
On all to whom their arm had shown
The grovelling dust, the reeking earth,
And made their moments from their birth
Less short by far than they had been
Had they this arm so soon not seen.
See thy great sire, in Scotia's cause,
For Scotia's king and Scotia's laws,
Maintain in front of armed hosts
His steadfast hold, nor all the boasts
Of war's stern sons, in bravery's might,
Can move him from the hottest fight

That rancorous foes had ever known,
While dead and dying round are strown,
And streams of blood are pouring fast
From hearts that dared him to the last.
See from his side the life-blood pour,
And, as he finds the reddening gore
Is draining forth his fainting strength,
While sword is thrust at its full length
Through the proud Saxon's breast, see fire
Immortal, hate, the last desire,
That gathers strength with dying force,
And stamps the features of his corpse."

XII.

Thus with old paintings that were brought[8]
From Scotia's land, his youthful thought
She strove to turn; commanding fate,
In years to come, the fame create
His knighted ancestors had won,
And handed down from son to son,
On foreign soil, while yet this shore
Lay lost in ocean's heaving tide
Of dread expanse, and dark and wide
The briny foam, the water's roar,
The tempest's blast, the whirlwind's force,
Bore billows on in endless course.

XIII.

When in the soft and sunny hour of youth
The scenes of earth present the hue of truth;

When time but freshens in the passing breeze
That wafts its odours to enrich or please;
When eye but opes on buoyant prospects bright,
And hope breathes through the soul a gay delight;
And every hour so full, so pure, may tell
The joyish wish that in the heart doth dwell,
Each passion first to life and being springs,
And fancy takes its airiness of wings;
Each sense then keen, each feeling then is true,
And beauty is beheld in all we view.
The world appears the gaudy thing it seems,
And pleasure ripples in its crystal streams;
The mind, just budding to its manhood's rise,
Fears no defeat, but on itself relies
In trusting confidence, without a care;
No anxious thought does on the bosom wear,
But all so gently meek, so sweetly mild,
We bless the hour that made us pleasure's child.

Then, as the heart all tender, takes the course
That chance may give with its directing force;
Or it is bent, and in its shape inclined
By innate power of feeling on the mind,
Which grows expanding luxurious fruit and flower,
That blooms and ripens in the dawning hour
Of life's gay hope and youth's unfolding thought;
When through the soul the gaze of beauty wrought,
And wraps its visions mute in nursing fire,
Which glow beneath, and o'er itself inspire
The hallow'd breath which rules each varying shade,
And gives that passion strength which nature made.

XIV.

But Lady Mother, constant to her charge,
Gave mind its shape, and taught it to enlarge;
Loosed buds of thought that swell'd their opening l
And planted sternness on the stalk of grief,
Infused deep the current of each vein,
And through each pore the nutriment of fame.
While in the relics of his ancient race
The steps of former grandeur there might trace;
And through each branch of long and olden line,
With laurels bore from many foreign clime;
And knighthood's honour, with its lordly sway,
That brought to mind the proud-remember'd day
When victory and glory gave her share
To bravest knights, that fought and battled there.
Then with a seer's forecast, a prophet's ken,
She taught his mind to scan the ways of men;
To learn in varying tides the passions' laws,
And trace each feeling to its inmost cause;
To watch the workings of the people's will,
See all its storms arise, and then so still
Subside into a moveless, stirless calm,
Fit to be wrought with soothingness of balm;
That will, which oft applauds, and then condemns
Each fenceless barrier that feebly stems
The current of its fickle, wildward way
To be the victims of its senseless fray.

XV.

Did he, this object of unceasing care,
Find stern ambition in his bosom share
The larger part, and did his growing soul
Feel all absorb'd, breathing beyond control
The restless hope of agony for fame,
Which sinks upon the soul, and through the frame
Sends forth, in unknown wants, its vast desires,
That, rising strong, refuse to yield impelling fires,
But urge along no single moment less,
And lost to all things else save its success?
With sole devotedness of heart and hand,
With ready energies at quick command,
With visions of the day and dreams of night,
And callous sense which thinks all modes are right;
That coolly lays the plot, employs the spies
Who learn the secrets of his enemies;
Far seeing, looks in hopes of ev'ry change
For means to swell the circuit of his range;
Minute in fact, encompassing the scale
That turns the fate of empires in its wail;
In secret conclave meek, mild, kind, and bow'd,
Before the world so dignified and proud;
Mingling but to show superior cast,
And leave a presence when the form is past;
A mental presence, moving public gaze
To loud applause or more enduring praise.
Like some huge ship that rides the storm and wind,
Which parts an eddying, whirling pool behind,

That far around its counter currents send,
Till lost in wave they both together blend.

XVI.

Was Campbell such, and did his brow ne'er move
By aught of native tenderness or love?
Was every kinder feeling hid and lost
In the cool design, the revolving cost
Of self-form'd glory, raised from naught
To be the name so dearly loved and sought?
Had he the soul to claim, the sense to feel
Chrivalric honours o'er his bosom steal;
And did his musings dwell in helmet's crest,
Or signia glittering on his conscious breast,
With silken scarf and war's associate sword,
A nation's guardian for a nation's word?
Such, if a mother's prayers and wish prevail'd,
Had been the passion in his bosom veil'd
With dark designs and deep-laid schemes of power,
To rise o'er freedom in its evil hour,
And build from ruins systems fair to view,
The curse of many for the good of few.

XVII.

But ah, alas! for his ambitious rise,
He could not sever all the softer ties;
He could not drown the voice of nature given,
To hope from joy on earth the bliss of heaven,
Nor close the soul to nature's fairer scenes,
Or shut the heart to love's more tender dreams.

Too oft the passing wind would heave a sigh,
And rippling brooks entrance too oft his eye;
The sunny fields entice his lonely walk,
And heavenly beauties mingle in his talk;
The flow'ry paths that course the verdant plain,
The feather'd songsters warbling forth their strain,
The rugged hills, and mountain's rocky height,
Gave many hours of long-enjoy'd delight.

XVIII.

In those remoter years when forests vast
Spread out interminable wilds, and cast
Their shades back on creation's nursing birth,
And shrouded in their gloom the dawning earth;
When first from chaos merged primeval time,
And ruled all verdure with its changing clime;
When Nature, grand in wildness, felt the shock
That burst, upheaving, its granitic rock,[4]
And fragments piled on fragments, towering heap,
The enduring boundaries of the mighty deep;
Or broken chains reveal a dark abyss,
Where unseen waters, rumbling, roar and hiss;
Or where their scatter'd relics, pathless driven,
All roughen'd lie, reposing rudely riven;
In these first years, when man with art had come
To mar the face of this primeval gloom,
Oh how sublime, from some huge rock to gaze
Far back on Time's unceasing, changing ways;
And, standing out of cultivation's path,
Witness tameless elements mingle wrath

In rude collision, rending, as they roll,
A deep destruction to their dismal goal.

XIX.

This Campbell loved, and this did much employ
His youthful hours, when feudal paintings cloy,
With Agnes's anxious and assiduous care,
Which, close bestow'd, did sore distaste oft wear.
Then would he seek, enamour'd of the oar,
The crystal waters circling to the shore
From its light dip, while free and still would glide
The yielding bark, that scarce withstood the tide;
Or on its sunny bosom moveless rest,
Save when soft waves would heave its glassy breast;
Then gazing in its clear and mirror'd face,
And view returning with redoubled grace
The musing features, purified and fair,
By softer forms that dwelt so deeply there.
Like mutual souls, by mutual love inspired,
Returning warm the mutual passion fired;
And each, from depths of feeling, aching yearn
To breathe forth thoughts that inly glow and burn;
Refusing all the tenderness that wakes
The fervour of the soul, and brighter takes
The glowing image freshly from the heart,
Reflects it back, itself the mingling part.

XX.

But soon reposing on some green-clad isle,
His thoughts would languish in a musing while,

Recoiling on himself with force that draws
From out the mind, the mind's internal laws,
Which, starting all the springs that sluggish sleep
On the heart's still surface or frozen deep;
That hour becoming both the ray and sun,
Thaws with new life the rising streams that run,
And o'er expanding soul, like freshening showers,
Revives with green th' intellect's strong powers.
In the still repose of calm solitude,
By murmuring brooks or in noiseless woods;
The cool air moisten'd by the soothing breeze,
That shakes the odours from the fragrant trees;
The rich earth smiling in luxuriant green,
With beauty budding in the lovely scene;
In haunts like these, retired, and balmy wild,
In reveries lone and long, the hours beguiled,
As o'er the heart there breathed enlivening dew,
That spread around each passion soft and new.

XXI.

Thy waters, George, to him were a delight;
Thy circling hills oft met his wandering sight;
Thy rugged paths oft sounded to his tread,
And on bleak rocks reclined his thoughtful head.
Thy mountains gave a sternness to the heart,
And fastnesses did hardiness impart;
But then thy sunny shore and waters clear
Would melt all hardness and would draw the tear;
A sympathetic tenderness infuse,
And kindly feeling o'er the soul imbues.

XXII.

But Agnes saw with pain the thoughts arise
That drown'd all fierceness in his softening eyes;
Was pain'd to see him leave the martial task
To gaze on earth, and in its beauties bask;
To leave recorded deeds and rusty arms,
And find fields joyous with enticing charms.
By nature form'd in eloquence and grace,
Which nourish'd by sublimity of place
His mind, by culture most contorted bent,
And passion alter'd in its native vent;
In action curb'd, in thought more widely swerved,
Distracting chords had nearly half unnerved
The high strong spirit, as contending life
Had wore the vitals with conflicting strife.

CAMPBELL.

CANTO II.

CANTO II.

I.

Time's rolling years have swiftly sped,
And soft emotions now are fled;
The hopes that breathed their brightness o'er
Can move us on to hope no more;
The joys for which we fondly strove
Have waned away in waning love;
The heart that felt the social thrill
Has palsied in its selfish chill;[1]
And young affections all are flown,
And lightness from the form has gone;
The eye has dimm'd its lustrous glow,
And fancy lost its freshness too;
E'en visions rise in fearful gloom,
And truth reveals their sober doom;
While memory, in fading soil,
Recalls her images with toil.

II.

Thus time flows on in varied range,
Itself is but revolving change,
Revealing here our mystery,
And all the thoughts that in us lie;

Touching each chord which, strain'd and tense,
Now vibrates to the answering sense,
Making our natures all appear
The changing things our beings are;
And how, in Time's revolving glass,
Our passions all revolving pass;
Endure no longer than to show
The flitting gleams of life below,
A knowledge of their presence give,
And trace of past existence leave,
To which the soul, in mournful hour,
Returns to think of passion's power.

What strange reverses, Time, are thine;
What strange delusions have been mine;
How moved the heart, how fill'd the soul,
It drank and drain'd attachment's bowl;
It sought the dregs, and yearn'd with pain
To find, alas! that all was vain;
Vain is the hope of coming years,
And vain our sighs, and vain our tears;
Our love is vain for all of earth,
Is transient from our fleeting birth.
Time brings a change, and time on all
Lets death's pale fingers icy fall;
While tender youth, in spirit high,
That lives in glance of woman's eye,
Can only know 'tis true we die.

III.

Thus Campbell, still by Agnes's side,
Was borne along on summer's tide;
In few short years were pass'd away
The blithesome hours of boyhood's day;
The love of novelty was done,
For sober manhood now had come,
And sober thoughts indulgence found,
And sober hopes were strewn around;
Youth's pleasure's o'er, he now must try
Life's rough and stern reality;
Must toil to gain, in small success,
The wealth to wield, the power to bless;
In action find the portion'd share
Of goods on earth, to which an heir
By nature born, his energy
Must mount the obstacles that lie,
To give obscurity its name,
And keep it long and still the same.

IV.

But Agnes ne'er could bring her mind
To see her son in venial kind
Of toil his tender hands employ,
And all their lordly blood destroy;
She mark'd for them the nobler fate,
To draw the sword, to rule the state,
To lead the sturdy sons of strife
In flow of blood and waste of life;

In angry roar of battle's din
To strike the blow that strikes to win;
And by a bold, victorious arm,
To banish far all fear of harm;
Then carve the glory with the sword,
And guide or rule by nod or word.

V.

And did she form her hopes in vain,
And must she change and form again;
Were they but visions of her care,
Nor e'en a hope's foundation wear?
What, then, was our colonial state,
What signs escaped portending fate?
Was all at peace, all hush'd and still,
With naught to stir the breast, or fill
With aching fear and anxious dread
The hoping heart and doubtful head?

This was the memorable time
Which varied earth and changing clime
Through all their courses ne'er had known,
So full of vast events had grown.
Proud Lexington's commencing fray
Loud peal'd success in battle's day;
Along was borne its rumbling sound,
And swift the tumult gain'd around;
The dismal scenes of coming war
Had spread disorder wild and far;
Had loosed the ties of former life,
Prepared each son to arm for strife;

Had stay'd the trembling hand of age,
Had fired the bosom of the sage,
Thrill'd wildly o'er the burning brow,
And hearts so cold and dead till now
Were yearning in their vast desire,
Glowing with a patriot's fire,
And panting for the speedy hour,
To trample on oppression's power.
The ever glorious morn had burst,[2]
The morn by Nature kindly nursed,
When nation rising in its might,
And nation claiming its lost right,
With nation's chains asunder riven,
Was nation up for freedom risen.

VI.

Then was the stern and trying day[3]
To test the firmness of our clay,
When legal ties asunder rent,
And anarchy had rapine sent,
And olden laws could not repress
Man's ever active selfishness;
And old appointments all uptorn,
Left Feebleness alone to mourn;
When social bands were loosed apart,
And tenderness forsook the heart;
While angry passions fruitful rise,
And wild Discord instill'd its cries,
And War did in each bosom rage,
Which burn'd in ardour to engage.

It was a time to prove the mind,
And tell the measure of its kind;
To show the world how great a share
Self-love or patriotism's there.
But in that full and pregnant hour,
When dark, convulsive clouds did lower,
It was a joyful sight to see
The strength of friendly harmony.
Then North and South together met,
Together in their councils set,
And East and West like brothers stood
And labour'd for the common good;
Each separate interest forgot,
And sect and party baffled not;
But all united, firm and strong,
And firmer as the strife grew long.
The guiding hand and kindly cheer
Consoled each heart and barr'd each fear,
While Southern chivalry in pride,
With rigid Puritan at side,
Each with the meekness of a bride,
United all their powers to prove
That liberty's their only love.

May God again vouchsafe to send
This land a true, a guiding friend,
Whose purity shall ask no law,
Whose virtue shall our councils awe,
Whose justice shall the right demand,
And in that right unyielding stand;
Whose mind, in comprehensive sweep,
Shall o'er the vast and troubled deep

Of varied interests that move
The people to their strength of love,
And threatens to dissolve apart
The nation's hope, the union's heart.[4]

VII.

Agnes, ever anxious for her son,
  Ever watchful for his fate,
Saw that now the long-wished time had come,
And he must act ere that this time be done,
  Nor tarry long, for soon or late
Will tumult cease, and far and wide
In apathy the storm subside.
And Campbell, too, partook the fire
That moved the colonies to ire;
His bosom felt the burning glow,
His blood rush'd on in hotter flow,
His face, too, flush'd all deeply red,
As fill'd the veins and throbb'd the head.
Long-buried thoughts began to burn,
The mind on past instructions turn,
And future visions, in their rise,
Grew brighter in absorbing eyes;
And all he thought or dream'd before,
Was o'er revolved and dream'd the more.

VIII.

The alarum beat its loudest tone,
The mother's left, the son is gone;

On fiery steed he bears away,
Gray light just streaks the rising day;
All nature smiles in bursting bloom,
The air is pregnate with perfume;
The gay birds carol forth their song,
As borne on downy wings along;
And rippling streamlets bubbling flow,
Or sluggish on they murmuring go;
And George's waters wane from view,
Its mountains wear an azure hue,
And on their top blue vapours curl'd,
Its green-clad peaks together furl'd.
Familiar paths have disappear'd,
And so the shelvy steep he fear'd;
A flow'ry garden scarce is seen,
So merged in the surrounding green;
And old stone mansion where he grew,
Through mist can scarce its light send through.
He look'd, he sigh'd, for War's alarm
Had deaden'd e'en fair Nature's charm.

IX.

Lo, from yon rough and broken ground,
His ears saluted by a sound
Of loud contention wild in strife,
The words seem'd to endanger life.
He turn'd, and saw a horseman's corps,
Each face a hardy visage bore;
Each hand was muscular and strong,
Well fitted to repel a wrong,

Or to enforce what it deem'd right
By its own grasp of powerful might.
A carbine on each back was slung,
And by their sides a broadsword hung,
And loosely dangling from the mane
Was idly swinging slacken'd rein.
But horseman in his stirrup stood,
And revelling in boist'rous mood,
Disputing warmly who should be
The leader of their cavalry.
From forests, plains, they late had come,
And just had left their huntsman home;
From many ways together brought,
Yet this was far from place they sought.

X.

The Campbell's steed, in reeking foam
('Tis chance that makes our changing doom),
Bore up in stateliness and pride,
The hot breath pour'd from nostril wide;
While Campbell's hand upon his blade
With a commanding grasp was laid,
And form erect, in utmost height,
Loom'd up in swelling stature's might.

"Hold, comrades, hold! these words of strife
Would better grace a scolding wife;
Or some small hour of childish grief,
When sighs and words would bring relief;

But now our land's polluted soil
Demands a sterner act of toil;
All petty trials now must cease,
And so the softer arts of peace;
Our country groaning lies in chains,
And foreign leeches drain its gains;
And its warm blood now freshly runs
From forth the veins of bleeding sons,
And ravish'd widows in their wail
Are weeping o'er the horrid tale
Of fenceless heads and burning homes,
Of murder'd sons and peopled tombs.
Hold, comrades, hold; to Medford's way[6]
We bear the spirit of this fray;
And proud Britannia's arms shall feel
The iron heart, the sword's keen steel;
And, following our every blow,
The stream of tyranny shall flow."

The Campbell saw their fiery look
As in the air his blade he shook,
And mark'd, from eyes' expressive fire,
The thoughts which his bold words inspire.
Ah, 'tis the eye by which we tell
How long we please, how much, how well;
In its fix'd gaze we oft can find
The cherish'd idol of the mind;
And in its glances there will steal
The joys that burn, the hopes we feel;
While in its glow we sure can prove
The strength of faith, the pow'r of love.

XI.

On, on, he leads them o'er the ground,
The woods re-echo to the sound;
With champing bit and tighten'd rein
He bears them on o'er hill and plain;
Nor sleep by night nor rest by day
Was found on all that lengthen'd way.
At Medford's post at length they come,
And far behind is peaceful home;
The social hearth they now exchange
For daring deeds of forlorn range,
And blood and carnage now shall be
Occasion of their revelry.
United in unbroken band,
The Campbell is their guiding hand;
On Bunker's heights they won a share[7]
Of all the laurels that were there;
On many more contested field
They bore the toil and stood the shield
Of liberty in cradle birth;
Their toil and blood proclaim'd its worth.

XII.

When frowning fate in gloom did low'r,
And days of darkness tried their pow'r;
When foreign legions fill'd the land,
And soul grew sick and weak the hand;

When disaffection's threatening shade
Cool'd all the ardour hope had made,
And few were firm, nor many true,
And loyalty gain'd strength anew,
And freedom, gasping for its breath,
Seem'd on the verge of infant death,
Was struggling to bless farewell
To those who in its fight had fell;
Then Campbell and his huntsman band
Among the firm and true did stand;
Unwavering fought, undaunted moved,
They show'd how much the cause they loved.
And oft through way or pass forlorn
Was breathed the blast of huntsman horn,
While Campbell's voice, in cheering tone,
Was heard above the foeman's groan;
And fields were left in colour'd gore,
To seek for fields ne'er stain'd before.
The huntsman band, foremost in fight,
Was foremost in pursuing flight;
Of firmest soul, they longest stood,
Their broadswords drank the deepest blood;
At sight of death they seem'd renew'd,
Their mercy long had been subdued;
On battle-field, in rushing charge,
The soul would rouse, the form enlarge;
And dangers thick'ning served to show
How strong the arm, how quick the blow.

XIII.

War is an empires changing fate,
It freedom brings to many state;
From nations purges off the slime
That will collect in prosp'rous time,
Gives vent to speculation's fire,
And sobers down our gold's desire;
It is the great developer,
The nation's test of character;
It shows how firm a people are,
What principles their bosoms wear;
The test that governments may prove
That purse or country most they love.

But what did war on Campbell's mind?
Was he less tender, he less kind,
Had nature's converse then all gone,
Nor he delight to be alone?
He was not changed, but cover'd o'er,
Oh, would decay revive no more;
The seeds of softness still remain'd,
And oft his memory they pain'd:
Contrasted with his present fate,
His former thoughts, his youthful state,
His love's first hope, the social tie,
The link of human sympathy,
The sunny shore, the clear bright lake
Whose bosom did his pillow make;
His lonely walk, his cool retreat,
The images his fancy greet;

These in first strength would he recall,
But their departure leaves the gall;
The bitterness of hope destroy'd,
The sickness of the heart that cloy'd,
Will loathe the relics of its feast,
And long for else to make it bless'd.
Thus Campbell, in a reckless mood,
Had turn'd his thoughts on war and blood;
Enter'd the strife of the red field
With only valour for his shield;
And while a love of freedom draws
Out his full soul in holy cause,
He often fought to ease distress,
To chill the heart with bitterness,
To drown the visions of his youth,
And cloud the brightness of their truth;
To hide the hopes that joy instill'd,
And banish scenes by mem'ry fill'd.

* * * * * *

XIV.

What step is this by darken'd path,
Is thief for plunder, foe for wrath?
It seeks the outward garden gate,
Why does it thus so loit'ring wait?
Now with a leap, a silent bound,
It gains the inward garden ground;
Along it steals by plant and flow'r,
As though it was in danger's pow'r;
But yet it nears the huntsman's home,
When late from Trenton's fight they come

To share the bounty of its lord,
And find supplies attend his word.
And see, by light from mansion flown,
The Campbell's slender form is shown;
The fate of war and armies change,
Now placed within the Briton's range
This mansion and its lord of wealth,
Whence Campbell seeks its shade by stealth.

XV.

But not with avarice or war
Had he thus lone and from afar
Made good his way through camp and post,
And dangers of a watchful host.
Less stern the passion now he feels,
Less stern the altar where he kneels;
No frowns escape the sacred shrine,
But smiles bespeak a kind design,
And thrill through all the frame conveys
The tremour that its wish betrays.
And when saluted by the grasp
Of lovely hand in lovely clasp,
A dimness o'er his vision pass'd;
But Heaven could not improve their cast,
Why not that vision, then, the last?

XVI.

Who hath not felt, when hand in hand is press'd,
The choking utt'rance of the heaving breast,

The strange delight that fills the lab'ring heart,
And holds the grasp unwilling to depart,
The impassion'd look from the beaming eye,
"The hope that lives, but yet that fears to die;"
The wild desire which runs through all the soul,
And makes this being's moment seem the whole;
The crimson flush which, rising in the face,
Breathes forth the thoughts that urge a full embrace;
The thoughts that burn and in all features glow,
Telling the fire which but their flame can show;
Melting the soul into one tender sigh,
Which gives its raptured birth from out the eye
In one long gaze of heavenly ecstasy?

XVII.

Such Campbell felt when, gazing in her face,
Saw beauty heighten'd in enduring grace;
With downcast eye, her cheeks suffused o'er,
Her lips ne'er moved, but looks had spoke before;
And as he laid that hand upon his breast,
Its gentle tremour told that he was bless'd;
Its thrill electric through his frame was driven,
And lit the hope of love with fire from heaven.
His doom was seal'd, his dream of glory gone,
And all his thoughts were held in power of one.
Strange doom, that he whose soul so late aspired
To grasp renown with all its glory fired,
That he whose soul from childhood's tender hour
Had grown in strength, been nourish'd by the pow'r

Of cool ambition, the hardier food
Instilling deep the poison in his blood;
Had taught that sternness which he could assume,
And mark'd the brow with thought, if not with gloom;
Had made the eye to burn with its own fire,
But check'd its utterance of desire;
Steel'd the hard heart to all of pity, fear,
Or mercy moved to action by a tear;
But cool and calm, determined in its aim,
Resolved and fix'd on what it laid its claim,
Lost to all else, by late ambition blind
To every future idol of the mind.
Strange fate indeed, the lofty and the proud
Have bent in weakness, and in love have bow'd,
Gave all their dreams of greatness to the wind,
Return'd to all of tenderness left behind;
Embraced the thoughts that late they scorn'd to feel,
Disrobed the heart of all its panoply of steel;
Resign'd their seats with heroes gone above,
And left ambition for the sweets of love.

CAMPBELL.

CANTO III.

CANTO III.

I.

But change again varies our tale,
This change is full of wo and wail;
Yet life's reality is here,
And every bosom speaks it near.
Howe'er we act, whate'er conceive,
Howe'er by thought our hearts relieve;
Whate'er of agony we dream,
Or how of hope bereft we seem;
Yea, all the scenes that mind can give,
And all that in our fancies live,
Are but the shades that late before
Were truths upon life's dreary shore.
But wind and wave, from darken'd deep,
Have borne new sands from lasting sleep;
And the old beach, with verdure crown'd,
Has ceased to hear the waves rebound.

II.

Now Campbell leaves the happy place,
And must forego the glad embrace;
His country calls him to his band,
And they require directing hand;

And though the fate of Trenton's morn
Succeeded hope to hope forlorn,
And liberty and firmness there
By victory removed despair;
Yet not too long must he be found,
For love, forsaking battled ground.
Oh, could he bear his love away,
How much of toil it would repay;
How full of joy, how bless'd the care,
How sweet the time would quickly wear,
And how her presence would impart
A life and vigour to the heart.

III.

But Ann, in midst of Britain's host,
Cannot escape from Britain's post;
And many leader of its ranks
Would for her smiles give more than thanks;
And lordly head and knighted belt
Would fain at her command have knelt;
Yea, e'en America's deep foe
For her would spare the deadly blow;
And one who, more than all the rest,
With more of purity in breast,
And more of truth in plighting word,
Had often sought, was often heard;
Strove more than all to sooth, detain,
And more than all to ease her pain;
Would gladly vow, if vows would cure
The evils that she must endure.

Young Anson saw, and soon he burn'd
To know his hope or fate confirm'd;
With ardour press'd the suit he claim'd,
Impell'd by passion all inflamed;
His love, which kindled at a look,
Could no delay or doubt e'er brook;
Which, warm with life from first impress,
Grows seldom more, but never less;
The love that innate beauty breathes,
Whene'er reclined in thoughtful ease,
Subduing sense and filling heart,
But yet its image will depart.

IV.

This Ann with fortitude must bear,
Repress her ills and hide her care;
Must sooth the love that shares the pow'r
To mar her peace in wrathful hour.
Offending tales must calmly hear,
Her lover gone, her danger near;
Her country's cause with ruin named,
And Campbell, too, is oft defamed;
His brilliant acts are all denied,
His noble deeds in scorn decried;
His future fate is fully read,
The block or gallows for his head;
And the companions of his toil
Will furnish infamy with spoil.
Thus all who still in fight contend
Will share an ignominious end;

And all who still are strong and firm
Are doom'd to feed the grave and worm.
But Ann is still to Campbell true,
And still she loves her country too.

V.

Not in rude strife does war alone
Reveal the anguish of the parting groan;
Not in blood's warm and purple flow
Does it alone reveal all grief below;
Not from sulphurous roar and blast
Are all its deeds of wild destruction cast;
War's sweep may redden sea and shore,
And life may totter in its thick'ning gore;
War's sons may lift their wailing moan,
But deeper, fiercer waste remains at home.
There kind affection had accepted birth,
And virtue claim'd a tribute for its worth;
There passion grew in sweet enjoyment's hope,
And heart beheld its future visions ope;
There filial tenderness gave bright forecast,
That soon the weary toils of life be past;
When joy and ease refresh our slow decline,
And youth's endearments with old age combine;
But war disturbs the quiet of the mind,
And bars reflection of all social kind;
An anxious restlessness of thought instils,
While horror grows familiar as it chills.

Thus Ann, distracted by the fear she felt,
And soften'd by the love that sooths to melt,

And for her safety her disgust must hide,
And with her enemies must still abide;
Repress each longing wish, each found desire,
Each joy that gives vitality its fire;
Bury the hopes that bid the strength revive,
Slow sinks away, and cannot long survive.

VI.

How anxious thought will soon impart
A pain that wears upon the heart;
And as the soul with anguish fills,
It soon corrodes, destroys, and kills;
While doubt prolongs absorbing grief,
And dread refuses all relief,
And fear will cherish shades of gloom,
That dwells upon its certain doom;
And warm flush, rising to the cheek,
Bids hectic heat its cause to speak;
And the emaciating form
Bespeaks no blast of sudden storm;
But slowly, surely wears away
The slender frame in youth's decay.
It is the waning back of life
That toils to rise above the strife;
That hopes again, in summer's sun,[1]
To know that health and hope is won;
That trusts to art to grant restore
To joys that live, to ask for more;
And still warm soul will silent, calmly gaze
Back on the scenes of former blissful days,

And coolly look on past connexions gone,
It clings and fears affection now is flown,
And feels that, e'en on earth, it is forgot,
Time rolls along to an oblivious lot;
While all the fire that lit the sparkling eye,
Glows in its throne and is the last to die;
Remaining mirror to all tablets there,
Its last bright beam refulgent with despair,
Flits faintly off and leaves a filmy glare,
Reflecting death's dark doom of dissolution's stare.

VII.

The struggle thickens and extends;
Now frequent combats make amends
For few short weeks of still repose,
And rage has once again arose.
The huntsmen band by Campbell led,
For Hancock fought, for Jersey bled;[2]
And o'er its plains they forced their way,
To check the pride of Briton's sway;
And when the darkness of the night
Would hide their course nor show their flight,
The guarded post, with quick surprise,
Became the huntsmen's speedy prize;
And straggling bands that feebly went,
And those who out for forage sent,
And those who guarded haunts retreat
Of all who would at Briton's feet
Revere the chains that then enslaved
The souls of selfishness depraved,[3]

Felt Campbell's power and huntsmen's blow
To spread dismay where'er they go.

VIII.

While Campbell thus did scourge the plain,
How bore he up in absence's pain;
And while his hand imbued in blood,
What were his hopes of highest good:
Did absence banish from the heart
The form that late fill'd every part;
And had his visions of repose
Fled with the fleeting of his foes?

There is a form, when once 'tis met,
Its lines we cannot soon forget;
And when alone and free of care,
Its image dwells within us there;
Or when the mind's oppress'd by grief,
It soon will rise in sweet relief;
Or Time in gloom spreads out its years,
This banishes our doubts and fears;
Or if the soul within us die,
A gentle spirit fills the eye,[4]
As through the frame its pulses steal,
And soothes the anguish that we feel.
But if to this we oft embrace,
And cherish all its marks of grace;
Dwell on its features with delight,
And feast the eyes by frequent sight;
And oft, by retrospective cast,
We bring before us scenes that past,

And by the fancy of the mind
Embellish e'en perfections kind,
Who then can tell how strong the force
That draws all thoughts in tender course,
Or how to heart those lines will cling,
And round the heart all currents bring?

IX.

In Campbell's mind is breathed the air
Of her whose form dwells deeply there;
And as he leads the midnight march,
Or views the morn's more silvery arch,
Or rests by day in dark recess,
Or where the woods were fathomless;
Or when in camp, in warrior's tent,
He forms the plan that gives war vent,
One all-inspiring passion moves
His mind in soft convulsive throes,
That wild distract and agitate
Each hour with their approaching fate.

It comes, in murmur'd voice and sound,
From a small corps of prisoners bound,
That late were seized by huntsmen band
As they foraged the famish'd land.
The Campbell near'd to hear it o'er,
Its truth confirm'd, he smiles no more;
A deadly blight o'er spirit came,
That changes soon his warlike frame.
No loud lament, no sudden shriek,
No word of grief essays to speak;

No start betrays how keen the pierce,
No look of anguish wild and fierce,
No rude acclaim of doubting sense
Shows hope from heart is banish'd thence:
But paleness o'er his forehead pass'd,
And deep despair on features cast;
A low, a long unbroken sigh,
A lifeless languor fills the eye;
A scorching mildew that destroys
Each plant and flow'r of earthly joys,
And o'er affection's surface throws
A glassy hardness to disclose;
That scorch'd and leafless by its breath,
Affection's plants are lost in death.

But still the current that supplied
Flows on, its springs not yet have dried;
But, pressing on in custom'd course,
Though streams are slimy at their source,
The heart receives in burning soil,
While back and back their waves recoil;
No opening for their waters play,
Absorbing roots have died away;
And their accumulating roll
O'erflows the verdure of the soul.

X.

Young Anson's well-design'd intent
Weigh'd deeply, as his ear he lent
(An absent love and jealous care
Will cautious be of absence's share

Of presence to another given,
Impurity would e'en taint heaven);
And, midst of desolation's sweep,
One single root still rankled deep;
And, twining wildly with despair,
Was remnant of all freshness there.
A fever'd brain and dying heart
Did strange affections soon impart;
But while revenge still kept alive
The energy to toil and strive,
Few knew how shatter'd was the frame
Of one who changed, but seem'd the same.

XI.

How many, daily, by their walk,
Or by their gay enlivening talk,
Or by their air so free and light,
And by their jests so mirthful trite,
Deceive the world's more curious gaze,
And gain its plaudits and its praise;
But if we could more deeply view
Each kind emotion strong and true;
If, through the veil that shuts the sight,
We could behold each past delight,
And see desire all wither'd blown,
And hopes so wildly swept and strown;
And find the heart all dead to joy,
With thousand ills its life annoy,
And the forebodings time shall bear
In weight of wo and weight of care,

How much our sympathies would rise,
And how soft pity fill our eyes.
But man, so proud, conceals his pain,
And looks on grief with haught disdain;
And though his bosom inly burns,
He will reject all kind returns;
Nor e'er allow that passion there
Has wrought its ruin, breathed its air;
But hold himself at far remove
From all of sympathy or love.

The world is deem'd so selfish, cold,
That few will trust it to behold
The heart's keen grief, in deep recess
Of feeling's secret loneliness;
But, friendless in its vacant stare,
It bids our confidence beware;
And the compassion that it gives
So heartless, that it doubly grieves.
Whence man will all his kindness hide,
And cold and selfish still abide;
Few are what Nature them design'd,
And fewer still have Nature's mind;
But art has temper'd, fashion framed,
And our humanity defamed.

XII.

The Campbell, lone and silent long,
Oft listen'd to the huntsman song,
Or heard the jest pass freely round,
Or loud mirth's wild echoing sound;

Or heard recounted battle's tale
Of huntsman in successful vale;
And all the varied joys which tell
How time wears gently on and well.
But not for him shall song again
E'er strike the ear with joyous strain;
But not for him shall war enhance
Excitement by its reckless chance;
But, blind to future, dead to all,
The past no smile shall e'er recall.

What strange automatons we are:
We live, we breathe, it motes not where;
The blood its purple circuit takes,
And food supplies the waste it makes;
To acts we are by Nature led,
When motive long from mind has fled;
But on and on, beings of earth,
The soul as vacant as at birth;
In mouldering soil feelings decay,
And loved emotions die away;
Organic life alone is left,
The world of beauty is bereft,
And, save the slender tie of breath,
Already known are pangs of death.
For all of heart that twined us here
Is shrouded in the darkened bier,
And to the cold and senseless tomb
Long since convey'd our living doom;
Yet by this fleet and airy thread,
We are on earth the travelling Dead.

XIII.

Just breaking now is Monmouth's morn;
What vast events on days are born,
When congregated armies meet,
And nations suffer war's defeat;
When olden thrones are crumbled down,
And olden pow'rs dissolving thrown;
Or, merging from its infant state,
A day reveals enduring fate
To struggling millions yet oppress'd,
Who toil in war for freedom's rest?
But crowding fate in awful day,
Which bears past nations in its sway;
And dawning empire's nursing hour,
Or commonwealth's arising power;
When people in their moral worth
Assert the strength that leads them forth,
To claim the station God design'd
Should beautify our human mind;
This man must in himself assume,
Must bear the weight of fate's stern doom;
Must stand the synonyme of time,
And this, great Washington, was thine.[5]

In that dread day and sultry morn
The vale resounded to the horn
That led the huntsman band in force
So furious on their broken course,

As, rushing on in Morgan's front,
The place that late had been their wont,
And leaving hill and deep morass,
They gain the rough and narrow pass
Where Anson, with divisions rear,
Was part of convoy that was near.
As Campbell saw with eyes of fire,
He felt revenge his soul inspire,
And from his horn he rang the blast
So loud, it seem'd it was the last.
"Brave comrades, haste! this field again
Shall tell ye soldiers, make ye men;
And here let your strong arms now fall,
For here my blood shall flow in gall;
And yon cursed leader of this rear
Shall know revenge and death is here."

Now wildly drawing forth his blade,
So furious on his course he made,
His veterans were left alone;
But see, they, too, wild moving come;
And now to charge they fiercely rush
O'er broken ground and shaded bush,
And harsh resounds opposing clash,
And ghastly trembles fleshly gash,
And wailing mounts the piercing shriek,
Ascending with the bloody reek;
The shout is heard mid foeman's groan,
Success subdues a parting moan,
While loud redoubled efforts rise,
As Briton in disorder flies.

The Campbell ranged from foe to foe,
He spares his all-avenging blow;
But charging rank and breaking band,
His steed bears down each thwarting hand,
Till, broken by the onset's heat,
Young Anson sounds his troop's retreat.
Now, Campbell, is thy spirit's hour,
Thy foe can now escape no more;
Just by yon hillock's sunny side
Thy foe stands chafing in his pride;
One shout he gives, one desp'rate leap,
With arm upraised he mounts the steep;
Young Anson's blood begins to flow,
But Anson quick returns the blow;
For a long time he stood the force
Of passion in its reckless course;
And saw that in the Campbell's air,
Alone revenge and wild despair;
Yet stood the shock so firm, unmoved,
His worth in battle he approved.
But Campbell, sole with one intent,
Raised his tall form and forward bent;
And, gathering all remaining might,
One thrust shall tell his broken right,
And be his honour's sole defence,
And ease the soul of all suspense.
And Anson from his horse is thrown,
The earth receives his bubbling moan;
The current there its soil that died
Flows out, and spends his martial pride.
And Campbell gave his steed the rein,
His soul was eased of half its pain;

His life had lost its only tie,
He gives one long and lasting sigh,
As, gazing on that prostrate form,
His heart now yielded to the storm;
His all of life was swept away,
And death itself has shown delay;
For mind recurr'd to all that pass'd,
And deaden'd in its withering blast;
Decay'd beneath its scorching track,
He gazes there a maniac.[6]

XIV.

Morgan is call'd to Lee's support,
His victory here is broken short:
The huntsmen, too, are following on,
Will leader, too, soon following come?
And swiftly back they now retrace
To bear a part in danger's place,
And by their prowess grant restore
To what was lost by guilt before;
The guilt that saved defeat and rout,[7]
And served the war to lengthen out.

The sun pours down its burning ray,
And adds new horrors to the day;
The parched throat and swollen tongue
Are of these trials chief among;
And in each wild and haggard face
Distressing thirst proclaims a place;
And faded brow and fainting frame
Seems wasting in dissolving rain,

That drips and reeks in vapoury show'r,
And wears away all might and pow'r.
But Campbell heeds no sun or heat,
He heeds no more his troop's retreat;
Unconscious passes heaps of slain,
Nor hears the groan or marks the pain;
But wildly walks through redden'd gore,
And wildly shouts of George's shore;
Then Agnes calls in boist'rous tone,
Then bids her leave him there alone;
Then words on brooks, with thoughts on flow'rs,
Now castle's huge, now poison'd tow'rs;
Now war in youth, and wealth in life,
With toil, or joy, or angry strife;
Then ranging quick from thought to thought,
And panting with the passion wrought;
Then quick relapse or wildly start,
And to each nerve all strength impart,
Which laughs and scorns all slow control
That now would bind the raging soul.

XV.

Sad is the task to view dethroned
A mind where reason jars untoned;
And where perception's morbid sense
Confounds the safeguards of defence;
Where tender kindness wildly flies,
And rudely ruptured social ties;
And loved endearments all are gone,
And friendship too in rage undone;

But wrathful wild in mentless air,
It pains to see but madness there.

Time works its changes by degrees,
Yet slow they pass in last disease,
As, bending o'er in anxious care,
We feel no hope, yet still we dare;
We watch each change, each mutter'd tone,
Each passing breath, unconscious groan;
Catch every word, mark every sign,
And nearer still the ear incline.
Thus time on Campbell slowly wrought
Its changes in his changing thought;
Wore off the fury and the rage,
And much of violence assuage.
Subdued the tones of loud dement,
And calm'd the horrors madness sent.
Time served to soften and subdue
The wildness of the maniac's view;
In silent stillness to subside
The current of his raging pride;
And mute corroding sorrow drank
The fulness that in sorrow sank.

XVI.

And now, behold, he wanders forth
A stranger to his former worth;
Careless of self, senseless of place,
Lost to all hope, lost to all grace;
Scarce feeling want of wearing frame,
And Nature hard asserts her claim;

But, ranging lone and all absorb'd,
How strange that such should be abhorr'd.

And, see, he treads o'er hill and plain,
And seeks the mansion'd pile again;
Recalls the scenes that late breathed there
And soothed the soul to every care;
He seeks the garden where repose
Embalm'd the body of his woes;
And oft at midnight's gloomy hour
He treads the path that leads the bow'r,
Where with his mistress oft had walk'd,
Of life's gay scenes as oft had talk'd;
And in a sweet and smiling mood,
When hearts were warm and health was good,
He plucks the flow'r his Ann to wear,
And she had pluck'd for him to bear.
And oft, in dull and darksome hour,
When awful grandeur clothes the power
That caused those mighty orbs to move
That roll along through vaults above,
There sit, and in mute wonder gaze,
While suns revolved away their days;
Then look on moon, by whose bright light
He oft had seen a happier sight;
Then watch the stars as on they roll'd,
Whose paths to Ann so oft had told;
And then his eyes, in musing trance,
Would pierce the vast profound expanse
Intense, full strain'd, would strive to catch
A glimpse of angels on the watch

For wand'ring souls, of whom to ask
Where in their journey they had pass'd
The meek mild spirit which he sought;
When, sighing, bless the tidings brought
With looks of joy, while every ray
Of wav'ring light, that led the way
Far into space and far beyond
The limits of all earthly sound,
Would trace up to its distant source,
With vision keen, that seem'd to force
Th' extended bounds of human sight,
And ev'ry object silv'ry bright,
With rays of this celestial light,
That, wand'ring, pass'd in erring flight
Through heaven's ethereal void, his eye
With sparkling look, but with a sigh
Of heaving thought, would follow close
Through all its fickle, zigzag course;
But soon away will phantom pass,
And heav'n will lose its mirror'd face,
And weary Nature feel the task
That shrouds the earth in fancy's mask;
The mind will claim its morbid rest
From thoughts that late with grief oppress'd,
And cease to weigh upon the soul,
While death in emblem chains the whole.

XVII.

But now again, near youthful home,
His steps unconsciously do roam;

Yet ever and anon will trace
Impressions of that happy place.
The mountains rising to the clouds,
The mists their damp'ning side enshrouds;
The air that from the hills is blown,
And fresh'ning comes reviving down;
The plains that waving to the pine,
And streamlets which their roots entwine,
Are all a full associate throng
That urge the mind with past along.
But all the objects of delight
That once fell joyous on the sight,
And all the scenes that must anew
Call back the scene to former view,
That fill it with reviving joys,
And give again its healthy poise,
Are George's waters soft and clear,
And gentle billows murmuring near;
And islands all imbower'd in green,
With inlets so romantic seen;
And distance that in darkness wanes,
Hiding in shades these wat'ry plains.[8]
He looks with joy upon the scene,
And thinks of what he once had been;
He calls aback his youthful hours,
When fresh were all his youthful pow'rs;
When thoughtless gayety had warm'd,
And hope and time left health unharm'd;
And, as he looks, a stranger smile
Beguiles him of his griefs a while.

And now he gladdens on his pace
To meet a mother's long embrace;
And hastes to gain his threshold stand
Where he shall meet her greeting hand,
And where on bosom he shall rest
The heart that lone was long oppress'd.
He gently opes the swinging door,
And lightly treads the inner floor;
The door harsh breaks in creaking sound,
The floors with hollow groan rebound;
Then dismal silence reigns around.
So cold and blank the walls appear,
He chills with inward sense of fear,
So deathlike seems his dreary home,
It breathes the air that damps the tomb;
Nor living thing is moving there
Save Campbell, desolation, and despair.

On homely cot a change had come,
As change on mother and on son;
For Agnes long in solitude
Had lived in hope of Campbell's good;
Had dream'd her visions were enjoy'd
When he should bear a knighted sword.
But when long silence gave no tale
Of rapid rise on fortune's gale,
A sick'ning doubt disturbs her brain;
Ah, doubt exists not long in vain;
And then a rumour wild, remote,
Completes whate'er is left by doubt.

The thoughts that now my bosom swell
Cannot escape in words so well,
For who a mother's heart can tell?
Alas! a mother lives for one,
And only lives for only son;
Why then should Agnes longer stay,
Since cheerless is each coming day?

XVIII.

As Campbell stood in native hall,
And vacant gazed on barren wall,
Strange thoughts came crowding back amain,
And wildness seized his soul again.
His rolling eyes so ghastly stare
That demons seem in spirit there;
So deep, so dark'ning is that scowl,
So deaf'ning dismal is that howl,[9]
Enraged, the furies seem to roar
More hideous than were wont before;
What of humanity remain'd
Now left the sense, and soul it pain'd,
And man into a demon turn'd,
With heart the hell that ceaseless burn'd.

He leaves the hall with demon's doom,
But soon he finds the long-wish'd tomb;
And death soon grants the sweet restore,
And life distracts with pain no more.
The mountain air he first inhaled,
The mountain air his end bewail'd;

The paths that led among its bow'rs
Are wet with mourning dewdrop show'rs;
The tow'ring heights that felt his tread
Now shade below his lasting bed;
And George's waters, bright and clear,
Now only move his moving bier;
And waves that rose so wild and proud
Are roll'd into his whit'ning shroud.

XIX.

"Up, up, arise," stern Baldwin said;
"I've dream'd the while in sleep I laid;
Our leader fill'd my labouring brain,
I would not dream this tale again;
In faith I thought myself a clod,
So cold and chill ran curdling blood.
Up, comrades, up, the war is o'er,
And we are done with grief and gore;
So to our lassies let us hie,
Or else our lassies too will die;
Or may, perhaps, like mad ones howl,
Or like old soldiers take to bowl."[10]

NOTES.

CANTO I.

Note 1.—Page 10.

But see, along yon rough and broken shore
Of George's waters.—III., 1–2.

In 1737 the British ministry, in order to counterbalance the effect of their misconduct in permitting the French to build a fort at Crown Point, projected the scheme of settling the lands about the head of Lake George with loyal Protestant Highlanders from Scotland. Encouraged by a proclamation, Captain Laughlin Campbell came over and viewed these lands; and having obtained a promise of government for a grant of thirty thousand acres, he sold his estate at Isla, and transported eighty-three Protestant families at his own expense. Through the sinister motives of those in power the project failed in its execution, and Campbell, after striving in vain for redress, left the colonists to themselves, collected the remains of his broken fortune, and purchased a small farm in the province. This is the historical fact on which the tale is founded; but as Campbell is entirely a character of the imagination, it might only be necessary to state this much in giving his "local habitation."

In this connexion it is worthy of remark, as it is a reproach to our literature, that early histories of the settlement of the colonies are so scarce. Many Americans are well versed in the history of the civil wars of England, from what cause we need not now inquire, but appear to know very little of the events that have transpired in their own country beyond the time of the Revolution. This ought not so to be. The people who first found a shelter from persecution on these shores, and whose sons grew up sur-

rounded by the forests of time, their frames becoming hardened by the soil and trials with which they had to contend, their minds enlarging as the expanse of nature spread, in luxurious plenty, its gifts before them, and their moral and physical courage assimilating somewhat to the perfection of nature's animal workmanship, who roamed fearless these interminable wilds, their constant and insatiate foe; these are the circumstances that have done most in giving to the American people the peculiarities of their national character. And these circumstances and these times should be well implanted in the minds of all who would fully appreciate that character; and we would that the influence of past generations on the present were in some popular form fully portrayed and set before the American nation. But while the present flood and mania of works, transatlantic and foreign, exists, an American, writing in and of America, can hardly expect to find hearing enough to pay him for his pains. Upon many subjects the author is happy in giving his countrymen credit for the existence still of something of the Boston tea-spirit. A little of its infusion into the present subject might benefit a few who are sincere lovers of their country, if it did not in the event benefit the country itself.

Note 2.—Page 15.

And feeds the half-form'd hope of renew'd strife.—VII., 40.

Whenever I hear one of the few remaining Spartans recount over the scenes of toil and war through which he has passed, and witness the smiles that play upon his features and the youthful joy that animates him as he describes, in the phraseology of olden time, his battles for liberty, I cannot help thinking that he wishes himself young again, that he might once more be active in those same wild and soul-stirring scenes. It was but a few days ago that I saw one who said he was with Arnold at Quebec. After describing in the language of one who had felt, he concluded, "I tell you what, them was *hard times*; you don't have any such hard times now, when a man has got to live a whole week on a pint of flour, and roast his shoes to get something to eat. But I fought for liberty then, and I'd fight for it now if them British should come agin."

NOTE 3.—Page 18.

Thus with old paintings that were brought.—XII., 1.

We often find in possession of families whose forefathers emigrated to this country more than a century ago, some old relic or painting emblematic of their former station, or illustrating some portion of their former history. Among the guede old Dutch the old Family Bible, printed in the age of Luther, with its rude engravings and large brass clasps to protect the binding, are most conspicuous. This belongs to the oldest descendant, and is the hereditary title to counsel and reverence.

NOTE 4.—Page 23.

When Nature, grand in wildness, felt the shock
That burst, upheaving, its granitic rock.—XVIII., 7, 8.

I have just read the Geological Reports to the Legislature of New-York, and was particularly struck with the views of Professor Emmons in his report of the second district. In this paper (and it appears to be the most able of any of the series) he supposes that the valley of the Hudson and the bed of Lake Champlain, at no very remote period of time, were overflowed by an arm of the sea that shot up through this long and narrow valley, and had its communication with the sea at the mouth of the Hudson at one point, and at the Gulf of St. Lawrence at another. He accounts for the subsidence and drainage of the sea from this low vale, not by any change in the relative surface level of the ocean, but by an uplift of the land. This is not the place to discuss such a question, and I refer to it as a fit illustration of the above section. Its establishment might require more extended observations on the New-England and New-Brunswick rocks of the cut-off part. The bed of Lake George is elevated near a hundred feet above that of Lake Champlain, but it forms a part of the overflowed surface. Although the ideas of this section may be considered too recent for the reflections of one half a century ago, yet something of this general train must suggest itself without light from the researches and

developments of geological science. In earliest youth we often look upon the horizon, bounding our view of the expanse of wilderness beyond, and exhaust our young minds in wondering whether that line really be the termination of this terrene plain, or whether it extends to the darkness of infinity beyond. So, in after youth, we wander over broken precipices, and rough mountains, and huge fragments of scattered rocks, and wonder at the vastness of the power that has so disruptured and hurled apart these materials of earth's solid base.

CANTO II.

NOTE 1.—Page 29.

The heart that felt the social thrill
Has palsied in its selfish chill.—I., 7.

Lord Kaimes has very properly distinguished between passions and actions that are selfish and those which are social. It is to be presumed that all who have passed the raciness of their youth and have entered on the sober calculations of life will have no hesitancy in acknowledging at which period these affections predominate.—*Elements of Criticism.*

NOTE 2.—Page 33.

The ever-glorious morn had burst.—V., 31.

"Oh what an ever-glorious morning is this," said Samuel Adams, as he retired with John Hancock, the great pioneer of American independence, from Concord on the morning of the battle of Lexington, considering this as but a prelude to a series of events that should establish the happiness of his country.

NOTE 3.—Page 33.

Then was the stern and trying day.—VI., 1.

The American people cannot sufficiently admire, if that admiration leads to a desire of imitation, the great moral principles that influenced the movers of the Revolution; that rare but superior elevation of character which rose so far above the common motives and prejudices of action in men whose prepossessions were so various, and who, coming from sections of country so remote, and representing interests and personal feeling so diversified and opposite, were able to unite in firm bond and compact these elements for the general good.

It is also a rare feature in the character of a people to place such implicit confidence in men whose powers *they* delegated, and in times when one series of laws were breaking up, one set of rulers giving place, in the circumstances and violence of the times, to another set, and leaving the chasm of anarchy in the interregnum, so steadily and continually to regard common right, and so voluntarily and energetically to follow the injunctions and recommendations of their representatives. There must have been in the character of our forefathers a stamina of moral uprightness and political integrity which, at that age, it would have been hardly possible to find in any other people, and which, I much fear, their sons do not now possess. Surely, the first dawnings of American republicanism, in the universal sacrifice of all men for the common good, gave evidence of the strength of foundation and presages of the glory and continuance of a system of government based on the strength of national moral power. An obscure people, the dependants of a foreign court, whose sparse numbers were scattered over a vast extent of territory, almost lost in the gloom of forests by which they were surrounded, and half confounded with the savages who made these their haunts, suddenly stepped forth into the sovereignty of nations, acted simultaneously under a system of government centuries in advance of the rest of the world, having at its commencement a perfection which, in other countries, ages may not accomplish, the perfection and desideratum of government in securing the equal safety and best developing and giving exercise to the intellects of all its constituent subjects. If, through all coming time, the pioneers of republicanism be held up as the examples of patriotism, the geniuses that first directed a great nation in its path of intelligence and glory, their admiring and grateful sons will award them the palm of superior devotedness to the cause they originated, best explained, and practised. And although by the haughty ministers of a powerful crown they were charged with stubbornness and rebellion, time has reversed the sentence, and bestowed on them true exaltation and dignity of character, and to the British ministry confirmed the truth of obstinacy and folly.

NOTE 4.—Page 35.

The nation's hope, the Union's heart.—VI., 49.

Every true American must wish that a greater degree of the spirit expressed in the foregoing note might now exist in our national councils. The hope of the patriot is often pained to see the feelings that instantly start forth upon the unwise mode of agitating the very stamp-act question of the present day. To find men nourished by a soil whose legitimate fruits are chivalry and freedom boldly asserting that slavery must be preferred to the Union, and to find those who are venerable for knowledge and past services done their country, and whose very names call up such associations of patriotic zeal and mild condescension, so testy and unyielding when this question is approached, show too truly a loss of the purity and fervour of American integrity and national love. When this subject shall be put in amicable way of adjustment, time only will show; but until then a little more of "going for the whole Union," as was well expressed on a different occasion, would be at least desirable.

NOTE 5.—Page 38.

To Medford's way.—X., 25.

Medford, it will be recollected, was the left wing of the American army which besieged Boston immediately after the battle of Lexington. Its centre was posted at Charlestown, and its right extended to Roxbury. These were the rallying points of the small bands and companies that collected from all parts of the country.

NOTE 6.—Page 38.

The strength of faith, the pow'r of love.—X., 42.

I recollect, a few winters ago, upon entering the gallery of a Methodist church on the occasion of certain anniversary religious exercises, seeing a beautiful young lady completely entranced by the vivid and strongly-assured description of the Christian future

state. She sat directly opposite me, and had her eyes apparently fixed on some object in the centre of the dome of the church. The features were gently relaxed, a half smile seemed seated on her countenance, but the eyes were most expressive of the workings of the soul. The lid, with its long lashes just raised to clear its pupillary margin; its white pearly hue giving out a soft silvery light; and from its very depths beamed forth the wanderingly reflected rays of some distant object that seemed pouring into the eye like positive light falling upon a negative point in an electrical series. I gazed on that clear, calm, absorbing glow, until it seemed to have drank its heavenly full, when, with a gentle roll, it filled with the emblem of an overflowing soul, warm, fresh, fast falling. I wiped the sympathetic tear from my own, and turned away.

Note 7.—Page 39.

On Bunker's heights they won a share.—XI., 15.

It is said there was no cavalry engaged at the battle of Bunker Hill, this having been principally furnished by the Southern States, and not having arrived at the time the action took place. But it can hardly be supposed that there was not some horse among so large a collection as at the time of battle invested Boston. The reader, however, is at liberty to suppose the huntsman band was engaged as a cavalry corps or not, as he pleases. Were they so represented, it would be no greater breach of historical fact than is seen on various maps which contain an engraving of the death of General Warren, in which he is represented lying at the foot of a tree surrounded by Indians with their uplifted tomahawks! This is the only authority extant, I believe, that there were any Indians engaged in the battle. *See Botta's History of the War.*

CANTO III.

NOTE 1.—Page 53.

That hopes again in summer's sun.—VI., 17.

In describing the gradual wasting away of the heroine of this tale from the wearing excitement and accumulation of mental anxiety, it was impossible to divest the mind entirely of ideas associated with an interesting case of consumption which, in my professional capacity, I was at the time of writing attending. The patient was already in the last stages of the disease, yet how strong was the hope, how unwavering the confidence, and how assured the conviction that the skill of her medical advisers and the warm air of the opening spring would restore her to the health and friends she so ardently wished to enjoy. But, alas! that hope was vain, and the freshening air of balmy spring returned too lifeless to support longer the exhausted and broken thread of an airy existence. But when there is nothing to alleviate the cares of wearisome hours; when time weighs without anything to soften the burden; and where there is nothing to sweeten or sooth, the wheels of life grate harshly, and, soon wearing away their bearings, precipitate us into the pit below.

NOTE 2.—Page 54.

For Hancock fought, for Jersey bled.—VII., 6.

It is rather a trite but just compliment to use the name of the presiding officer of a public body for the body itself. In the present case, I hardly know whether it be the body or the president that confers the honour.

NOTE 3.—Page 54.

The souls of selfishness depraved.—VII., 18.

During this dark period of the Revolution, many in the prov-

inces of New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, as well as in other parts of the country, consulting their own interest, deserted or cooled in their ardour to the cause they first espoused. These and their more honourable associates, who had always preferred the interests of the mother country to their own, were often the objects of unmitigated wrath and punishment from various foraging and scouting parties that scoured the country. In Georgia and South Carolina the incidents of this kind were of the most ludicrous and serio-comic kind.

NOTE 4.—Page 55.

A gentle spirit fills the eye.—VIII., 18.

"But I propose to go much farther, and to show that the mind's eye is actually the body's eye. Nor is this true merely in case of spectral illusions; it holds good of all ideas recalled by the memory or created by the imagination; and I may state, in general, that the spectres conjured up by the memory or the fancy have always a 'local habitation,' and that they appear in front of the eye."

Although the writer thus quotes Dr. Brewster in reference to this point, he cannot fully subscribe to his sentiments. All our ideas are not derived through the medium of the eye; their recollected impressions cannot, therefore, any more properly be located in the eye than in any other of the external senses. A poet may have license to assume that which is not in absolute accordance with technical fact (the writer speaks not in reference to the line upon which this is a comment, for *that* is not an example); but the fact ought nevertheless to be borne in mind. Poetry should never communicate *false* impressions, though its aim is more to please than instruct. See *Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic*, 3d letter, page 53, *Harper's Family Library ed.*

NOTE 5.—Page 61.

And this, great Washington, was thine.—XIII., 22.

No American, however obscure, ought ever to speak of our Revolution without calling to mind and offering a tribute of respect to

the immortal leader of its armies and the providential director of its councils. In the descendant of one who shared its toils, and is one of its humblest sons, this feeling is sincere and unfeigned.

Note 6.—Page 64.

He gazes there a maniac.—XIII., 98.

In melancholic and sensitive individuals, after any wearing and depressing feeling has agitated the mind for a considerable length of time, and made considerable inroads on the vital energy with which the functions of the brain are performed, any sudden excitement of passion, or any more considerable and violent agitation of mind, will induce a paroxysm of mania, at first wild and ungovernable, and in which there is a peculiar versatility of action and excitable state of mind. This may afterward settle down into a more calm and quiet kind of melancholia, in which the mind loses its versatility and changeableness, and all the powers of a perverted intellect become centred on the one object of its passion. In this there is commonly an anxious endeavour to keep the subject of thought, and the one which so distressingly weighs upon the heart, hidden from the curiosity of beholders. The unfortunate individual loves to enjoy the indulgence of grief alone, and loves to feed despair undisturbed by the presence of those whose want of sympathy and unheeding feelingness contrast with their absorbing devotion, like an enemy in the midst of friends, disturbing the whole collection.

Note 7.—Page 64.

The guilt that saved defeat and rout.—XIV., 9.

It seems perfectly evident that, had the battle of the 28th of June been conducted during the forepart of the day with that vigour and spirit which characterized its close, General Clinton must have met with most signal defeat. A more favourable opportunity could scarcely have presented, and the original plan could not, perhaps, have been bettered. But General Lee, either distrusting the courage of the Americans, or piqued from bearing a part in a

battle he had disadvised, or surprised at Clinton's sudden facing about, most unnecessarily fell back on the first fire, suffered his troops to become disordered and precipitately to retreat; and even before making the attempt to rally, he calls off the light troops, that were now pressing close the vanguard of the enemy, hedged in among defiles and morasses, and overburdened with baggage. Without arrogating the character of judge, the conduct of Lee seems truly characterized by disaffection, or precipitancy and fear.

NOTE 8.—Page 69.

Hiding in shades these watery plains.—XVII., 24.

The body of Lake George is broken by numerous small islands and the projecting points of high hills. Standing at the head of the lake and looking down its course, these islands and hills, covered with their dark green foliage, cut off the view of the lake, and give the impression of looking into some vast and deep ravine. At least so it appeared to me at ten years of age. Let the reader go and see.

NOTE 9.—Page 71.

So deaf'ning dismal is that howl.—XVIII., 8.

Whether the ideas of this section be well or ill expressed, they were mostly derived from a good source, for they were penned immediately after reading Paulding's Westward Ho! I have therefore more confidence in them than I should have were they my own.

NOTE 10.—Page 72.

Or, like old soldiers, take to bowl.—XIX., 12.

There is authority for this pronunciation of *bowl*; but the writer founds his claim to pardon for thus *twisting* its pronunciation on the consideration of its being the last line. This is without appeal.

THE END.

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